

Oversized Love

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Oversized Love

by [hendollana](#)

Summary

George knows a stupid oversized hoodie won't fix the ache in his heart when he videocalls Nick and Clay and sees them right next to each other without him there.

But he figures it might ease it a little.

Notes

what so dream talks publicly abt george wearing oversized dream merch and i'm Not supposed to write fic abt it?? but i'm mentally ill so i made it hurt/comfort sskdfhj

anyway enjoy! as per, don't send to any of them even tho they're basically asking for fic to be written at this point.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It arrives on a Monday.

George takes the package from the postman with a grateful smile and immediately knows what it is when he sees the American customs label.

George supposes he could have just asked Clay to send him a hoodie for free, he has before, but then George would have to explain *why* he wants a 2XL hoodie and not his usual medium. George also supposes he shouldn't be embarrassed telling his boyfriend that an oversized hoodie comforts

him, but he kind of is.

The scissors tear easily into the package and the hoodie falls onto George's bed, it's so *soft* . George knows it's no softer than any other hoodie he owns, Dream merch or not, but George can already imagine how nice it will feel on. How the sleeves will fall past his hands, how it'll fall below his waist and make him feel *safe* and if Clay is actually there giving George a hug.

Maybe that's why George didn't just ask Clay to send one for free and instead chose to pay sixteen pounds for international shipping. Because he *misses* Clay and George hates himself for it. He hates how jealous he is that Clay and Nick are living together and he's stuck in England, he hates that they get to hang out with each other day and George is still stuck facetimeing his boyfriend at four in the morning and having to be quiet so he doesn't wake up his family.

George knows a stupid oversized hoodie won't fix the ache in his heart when he videocalls Nick and Clay and sees them right next to each other without him there, but he figures it might ease it a little.

George is wearing said hoodie a few days later when he's on call to Clay, Nick and Karl. He was right, it *does* feel like a warm hug.

Clay notices straight away, and he doesn't have video on but George can tell he's grinning when he asks George if he's wearing Dream merch.

"Wait, one minute." George says, mouth full of garlic bread,

"Ew, George," Nick speaks up, "Don't talk with your mouth full."

George rolls his eyes as he swallows his bite, adjusting his camera to make sure his bed is in full view. He figures he might as well show Clay the ridiculously big hoodie at some point, and what better point than as a comedic joke when they're on call with other people so George can ignore that fact he bought it as a comfort item.

George makes sure the Domino's box is safely to one side of his desk before getting out of his chair and standing on his bed. The hoodie falls just above mid thigh covering the Nike logo of his joggers, and George pulls the sleeves down from where they're bunched up at his elbows so the ends flop over and cover his hands.

"Look!" George grins.

Karl and Nick burst out laughing, and George can't help but follow suit. He *knows* it looks stupid on him, he's way too skinny and not tall enough to pull off the artful oversized look, but George thinks it makes him look soft, huggable, he wonders if Clay would think the same.

"You're such a Dream *simp* , George." Nick laughs, and then laughs even harder when Karl agrees without a second thought.

"Did you pay for that?" Clay asks, and George can hear the amusement in his voice.

"I mean, yeah," George replies, tugging one hand out of the sweater paw it's found itself in to run through his hair, "Are you complaining about the money I've indirectly given you?"

“Yeah, Dream,” Karl says, “Can a man not support his boyfriend in peace?”

Clay laughs, and George will never tire of that sound, “No! Of course he can, but George you totally could have just asked me to send you one.”

George knows this, obviously, but he just shrugs in response. Clay doesn’t need to know he was too embarrassed to let him know how much he wishes he was with him.

“Quick,” Nick shouts, “Take screenshots as blackmail.”

“Yeah, yeah, fine.” George smiles, because he really doesn’t mind. He knows his friends won’t post them anywhere, and he knows they’re only doing it because he showed them in the first place.

George decides he might as well play up to it, so he deliberately pushes the sleeves down as far as they go and bunches the ends up in his fists and puts both hands up to make little peace signs with the fingers poking out of the sleeves, if he’s wearing an oversized hoodie George decides he should at least fit the stereotypes.

It’s worth it when his friends all burst out laughing.

It’s later when it’s just George and Clay left on the call, almost four in the morning to be exact, and George tries not to resent the fact he has a fucked up sleeping schedule to maintain their relationship whilst Clay doesn’t.

“You looked cute.” Clay speaks, his camera is on now, and George wishes he was with him to run his hands through the messy blond hair, snuggle into the curve between Clays' neck and shoulder.

“Hm?”

“Earlier, with the hoodie.” Clay replies, and he sounds kind of bashful, as if he’s embarrassed to admit it.

“Oh?” George replies, interest piquing, “I did?”

“Oh, come on,” Clay scoffs, “You know you did.”

Clay’s grinning through his screen now, and George can’t help but return the smile. He guesses he kind of *did* know he looked cute, not that George would ever admit that to anyone but Clay. But Clay knows these things, knows that George likes to feel small, safe, protected.

George shrugs again, “Maybe.”

Clay’s still smiling and George’s chest aches with want. He hates this pandemic, he hates that he’s fallen in love with a man across the Atlantic ocean, he hates that he can’t lean his head over and press his lips against Clay’s smile. George does the next best thing and instead tugs the hoodie tighter around his body and leans into the warmth.

“For real though,” Clay begins, “Why didn’t you just ask me for a new merch hoodie, I would have even covered the customs charges?”

“I dunno.” George replies, feeling a bit petulant.

“Sure,” Clay says, rolling his eyes and leaning his head on his palm, “Was it because you didn’t want to have to ask for an XL?”

Trust Clay to hit the nail on the head.

“Okay, first of all,” George starts, leaning back on his chair, “It’s a 2XL, I’m not *that* small.”

Clay wheeze laughs in reply, and George wonders how he ever survived only hearing Clay laugh and not getting the visuals along with it. Watching Clay’s webcam capture him tipping his head back, sharp jawline on show and eyes scrunching shut as he lets out a laugh feels like a religious experience.

“And second?” Clay replies when he’s finished laughing, looking at George as if he’s made his day.

“Second, uh, second is that you’re right.” George reluctantly says, he’s never been good at lying to anyone, but especially not to Clay.

“Huh,” The younger replies back, pushing a bit away from his desk and smoothing out the white t-shirt he has on, “Why?”

George shrugs, he hates this, he decides. George sometimes hates all the emotional shit him and Clay talk about, well, George supposes he only really hates it when it’s focused on him. He definitely doesn’t hate it when it’s Clay whispering to him over call how much he loves George, how excited he is to finally meet him, how glad he is they met.

He hates this though. Clay is looking at him inquisitively, as if George is a puzzle to work out, but still softly, still Clay’s usual look of love reserved only for George. George doesn’t really want to explain himself, but he knows he will anyway though.

“I dunno,” George repeats again, and he feels *shy*, shy in a way he hasn’t with Clay since the first time they video called as more than friends, “Am I not allowed to buy oversized things for myself?”

“I mean, yeah,” Clay supplies, but the curious look still hasn’t left his face, “But you don’t usually wear clothes *that* big on you.”

“It’s comfy.” George replies in a small voice, and he kind of feels himself getting upset over this.

It’s just, George has been so *sad* ever since Clay and Nick moved in together. And feeling sad about it made him feel *guilty* because he should be so happy for two of his best friends finally meeting, and he is, George swears he is. He just wishes he were there.

And Clay is always the one George goes to when he’s upset, Clay is always the one soothing him when he can’t code something right, or Clay is the one offering to buy a SAD lamp for him when George is feeling the effects of sleeping until nine pm and not seeing any daylight.

But George hasn’t told Clay that he’s sad about him living with Nick, because it seems selfish of him and he doesn’t want Clay to worry over something that is George’s own fault. George already hates himself enough for feeling like they’ve left him behind.

“Yeah?” Clay says, breaking George from his spiralling thoughts, “It does look it.”

George nods in reply, tugging the hood over his head and snuggling even more into the hoodie, the inside is fleecy enough to feel like a blanket and George wonders if he could sleep in it. He’ll

probably test that theory out when he goes to bed tonight.

“You really *do* look cute, Georgie,” Clay smiles, hands fiddling with a Chapstick on his desk, “wonder what you’d look like just in it, nothing else on, just in *my* merch.”

George resists the urge to roll his eyes, because of course Clay’s a possessive bastard the minute George is wearing his merch. Usually he’d entertain it, enjoy it really, because George does like the idea of Clay taking him apart whilst he’s got the hoodie pushed up to his armpits. Not today though, not when George hurts over the fact he can’t do any of those activities with Clay in person and probably won’t be able to for a long time. Stupid fucking pandemic.

“No?” Clay says a few minutes after George hasn’t replied and has instead just sighed into the sweater pawed hand resting on his cheek.

“No,” George replies, “Sorry, just not in the mood.”

“Don’t be sorry, it’s fine, baby, I’m sorry,” Clay soothes, and George melts a little at the worried expression on his face, “Are you okay though?”

George isn’t, and he figures his boyfriend knows this by now, “Uh, not really.”

“Okay,” Clay speaks softly, and George has to look away from his face on the monitor, he knows he’ll cry if he sees Clay look concerned, “Wanna tell me what’s wrong?”

“I just,” George starts, and he thinks he’s going to end up crying even if his eyes are firmly on the toolbar of his screen and not Clay’s green eyes, “I miss you, I guess.”

“I’m right here though?”

“You’re not though, are you?” George says back, and it sounds bitter, and mean, and fuck, he hopes Clay doesn’t hate him for it.

“George,” Clay breathes quietly, as if his name is a secret, “Look at me?”

Clay asks it as a question, and it kills George how nice the American is, it’s something George loves the most about Clay. He loves that Clay always lets George decide what he’s comfortable with, loves that Clay knows physical and emotional affection doesn’t come easy to George and yet still loves him despite it.

That’s probably why George drags his gaze to meet Clay’s.

“I know, I know it’s shit, you being there and me being here and this whole pandemic, and I guess it must suck even more now I’m with Sapnap, right?”

George just nods in response, so grateful for Clay’s ability to just *understand* George.

“But we’ll meet soon, I promise Georgie, and it’ll be fucking awesome. I’m gonna kiss the shit out of you, you know?” Clay finishes, looking at George with such love the older thinks he might die.

George can’t stop the smile tugging at his lips, even if it is a small one, “Yeah? Soon?”

“Mhm!” Clay grins back, “The minute you’re legally allowed out of your English jail cell, I’ll be there to pick you up from the airport. But be warned, once I’ve got you in my arms, I’m not gonna let go.”

And Clay sounds so earnest, so hopeful that they’re actually going to meet soon compared to the

doom and gloom George feels about the situation, it makes the back of George's eyes sting with tears that he won't let shed. Not when Clay is trying, and succeeding, to make him feel better.

"Good," George replies, trying to discreetly bring his hoodie covered hand up to rub his eyes, if Clay asks he'll blame it on tiredness, "That's, um, that's why I bought this hoodie."

"Because, you miss me? Or?" Clay asks, and George thinks he even coos a little when George rubs his eyes.

"Yeah, I guess, it makes me feel comforted, like you're hugging me or some shit." George embarrassingly explains, keeping his hands on his cheeks when he feels them warm up.

"*George*," Clay says, and this time it's definitely a coo, "I love you so fucking much, that is literally the most adorable thing you've ever said."

George rolls his eyes, trying to pretend that Clay won't notice the splotchy blush that's now travelling down his neck and hiding beneath the big hoodie.

"Yeah, well, it's probably not as good as the real thing." George says back, and Clay looks so happy right now, as if the idea of George wanting a hug from him is the best gift he's ever received.

"Oh, definitely not, but like I said, you'll know that soon anyway." Clay replies, a smile fixed on his face as if to match the one on George's hoodie.

"It's like I'm wearing something of yours." George offers up shyly, it's not a new thought, George had thought about wearing Clay's clothes many times before. Had thought about if they'd be too big on him, if six foot three is *that* much taller than five eight, it is, George knows, and loves.

"Oh," Clay breathes, and he looks a bit speechless. George loves it when he makes Clay speechless, loves it when he says something that makes Clay look pained that he's not there to push George up against a wall and kiss him, "I mean, that's both hot and cute, and I'm not sure which thought to run with right now."

George laughs, probably too loudly for so late, but he's so in love with Clay, "You're an idiot."

"Your idiot, though." Clay responds fondly, looking at George softly through the screen.

"Yeah." George confirms, and he's so grateful to have Clay. So grateful that he can make George feel better in under ten minutes.

"You know," Clay starts, looking a bit shy, "That can be arranged, you wearing something of mine."

"Yeah?" George repeats, playing it cool to hide the butterflies spawning in his stomach.

"Yeah," Clay grins back, "It's only fair I send you a hoodie anyway, right? Because you paid for the one you're wearing so if I send you one of mine I've already bought, and um, worn, then it evens it out."

George loves his boyfriend's logic, he really does.

"Okay."

It arrives on a Friday.

George even wakes up early for it, had tracked the shipping link Clay had messaged him after he'd sent it a little over a week ago.

The customs label has a smiley face drawn on it in sharpie, and George is already gushing before he's even opened up the package.

George doesn't even bother with the scissors this time, instead just tears it open with his hands and giggles softly to himself when the hoodie falls into his hands. It's a dark blue, and George knows Clay chose it especially so he can see the colour.

It's big, probably already a bit big on Clay, and George knows the hoodie is going to encompass him. He doesn't even feel embarrassed when he brings the hoodie up to his face and smells it, sighing happily when it doesn't smell too much like washing powder but instead smells of warm cologne and *Clay*.

When George slips Clay's hoodie on, he feels at home.

End Notes

gogy so cute :)

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